

FICTION AND POETRY

For Stocking or Tree

THE CHILDREN'S MUNCHHAUSEN. Retold by John Martin. Houghton Mifflin Company.

PEGGY IN HER BLUE FROCK. By Eliza Orme White. Houghton Mifflin Company.

CHILDREN'S GAMES FOR ALL SEASONS. By Teresa M. Bruck. Stanton & Van Vleet Company.

THE LAUGHING LION AND OTHER STORIES. By Adelaide Pearson. E. P. Dutton & Co.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES. By Laura Roundtree Smith. Stanton & Van Vleet Company.

STOKES' CHILDREN'S ANNUAL. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE world's greatest liar the celebrated Baron Munchausen, is known to the world over to generations of children as a source of many happy hours of excited story reading. Some undesirables in the original have kept the book from being an ideal children's book, but John Martin has eliminated these in retelling the stories of the Baron's most popular adventures. Vulgarities, common to the time, and cruelties, have been omitted as they are unnecessary to the interest of the story, and their length has been ruthlessly cut to make them of greater interest to a greater number of children, both young and old. The colored illustrations by Gordon Ross are works of art with realism and beauty combined.

"Peggy in Her Blue Frock" is of a family so real—in book land—that readers will wonder if the story was not true outside of a book. In this new life in the country Peggy learns to be considerate, not only of her frocks but of her friends' feelings and of her relatives' feelings. But the book is not preachy. It is full of mischief and the runaway cat and healthy, loving children—and there is the surprise party for mother, too.

Welcome! Welcome! O book of games. No longer will mothers, teachers and friends of the little folks rack their brains for games to fit the seasons and the moods of little and bigger tots. Here we have them—lots of them—indoor and outdoor and Easter games! And they are most delightful! Some old, some new, some played a little differently from the way you may know—but all fascinating to the children for whom they were invented.

"The Laughing Lion and Other Stories" will make the reader laugh, too, though he may not be able to open his mouth so wide as the lion. These are stories which Miss Pearson has told to the children who come to the Children's Art Centre in Boston.

There are gathered things of beauty for the delight of children, and each object of art has a story attached. Some of the smaller and less perplexing objects are brought to the attention of the children in the stories which have been grouped together to form this book. They are the most delightful fairy stories any young person could wish to read. The drawings of the story objects and other illustrations are by Miss Winifred Bromhall, curator of the art centre.

When bedtime comes and little brother or sister or both coax for a good-night story, then is the time when mother will find the little book of Laura Roundtree Smith coming in very handy, not only because it has interesting stories, but because they are exactly the kind of stories to tell little folks before bedtime. There are fairy stories, and animal stories, and a Christmas story, and a Valentine story, and a cookie story, and lots of other equally interesting ones.

"Stokes' Children's Annual" contains a wealth of stories by many authors, with colored and pen illustrations by an equally large number of artists. Among the authors are listed Sheila E. Braine, Lillian Holmes, Ethel Talbot, Jessie Pope, E. Dorothy Rees and John Lea, while among the artists appear the names of Ruth Cobb, Florence Harrison, E. Dorothy Rees and Dorothy M. Payne. We can't commence to tell you about the stories, for there are too many of them, but we can tell you that every one of them is good, every one is interesting, every one full of things which appeal to young people. And not only are there stories, but pages of verse—nice, jolly verse which you will want to learn and recite some time, and there is a wonderful play which you can take part in yourselves.

VIVIAN RADCLIFFE.

Mrs. Kilmer's Verse Is Tragic and Gay

VIGILS. By Alice Kilmer. George H. Doran Company.

SINGULARLY free from studied elaboration, these verses have the delicacy and subtlety that lie deep in poetry that has permanence. Ornate lines, in our present changed order of thought, fall under the same category as do artificial people. (We can remove the debris of insincere books that clutter our bookshelves; the people we have as yet unhappily found no means of removing.) You think you have tracked these delicately chiselled lines, but they have escaped by some unguessed corridor. Sometimes in the presence of grief and death they have a choked inarticulateness which would give them an added

authenticity, if that were possible. That which can get itself all said easily is apt not to carry a very big burden or to be worth the saying. These simple lyrics push into regions of profound pathos and large awareness. Yet they are as tightly anchored to intellect on the one hand as to feeling on the other. And back of many of them there is unquenchable laughter and sunshine.

Who shall say what a poet shall sing of, where he shall begin and where he shall end? The time has passed when we set definite bounds to poets' gifts. They may bring whatever parcels they like to the altar so long as they are genuine, wrapped up in any kind of paper and tied up with any kind of string! All are welcome in the pantheon of humanity. The poem "Things" is made of everyday stuff:

Sometimes when I am at tea with you
I catch my breath.
At a thought that is old as the world
is old
And more bitter than death
It is that the spoon that you just laid
down
And the cup that you hold
May be here shining and insolent
When you are still and cold.

Cryptic lines of great beauty are these:

Some learn it in their youth.
Some after bitter years:
There is no escape from the truth
Though we drown in our tears.
Many die when they see
That the terrible thing is true.
But it has been easy for me
I always knew.

But if there are poems of sadness, there are also those with the suggestion of smiles and the sounds of low, rippling laughter. Take, for example, to gay whimsicality of these lines:

This dicing with hearts is a perilous
game;
Be it one or another the end is the
same.
There is sure to be sorrow however they
fall.
So I think I shall not have a lover
at all.

Many of the poems have back of them this essential humor, found in all poetry that is vital. It is probable that in the Elysian fields—if there be any such pleasant pastures—laughter is the highest function of the gods. It is possible that when lusty old Charon brings in his boatloads of wounded souls—those hurt by the insane tides of our petty scheme of things—they will be surrounded by low understanding laughter! Meanwhile most of our poets of to-day know that "good hopes lie at the bottom"—or at the top, or even in the stupid and mediocre middle of things. Somewhere this poet has written:

He gave me to keep a little foolish
laughter.
I shall not lose it even when I am dead.

No, she will not. No poet ever does.
MARY SIEGRIST.

The Madonna of the Box Car

WHERE THE YOUNG CHILD WAS AND OTHER CHRISTMAS STORIES. By Marie Conway Demler. The Century Company.

THIS book, full of the spirit of Christmas, contains six short stories which have been reprinted from various magazines. We tried very hard not to be partial but the first story, from which the book takes its title, appealed to us more than any other. Beginning with Dickens' "Christmas Carol," there is a long list of stories about some case hardened creature in whose heart "love lay dormant but who was transformed by the Christ spirit on the day of His birth. Several of the stories in this book are of that type, but their clever handling and fresh method of development make them interesting reading.

The birth of a male child to an Italian woman on a snowbound train is the theme of the first story. A blessing comes to her fellow travellers at the sight of that infant in the arms of a modern Madonna, with the adoration of the young husband for both his wife and child. We cannot get out of our minds the words of Trenton, the Pittsburgh man, "who makes money ruthlessly and builds great hospitals."

"There's a girl out in that box car— and her hour is upon her," the great surgeon told his friends.

"Seeing the mother among strangers at that great moment Trenton said: 'It sort of comes upon me—unaware. My wife died—like that. Very young, poor thing! I was, too. Not rich then. Poor—very; but, my heaven, how happy! She was so pretty, my wife! I loved her a great deal. But—she died, and the baby with her. And that's why,' he finished mildly, 'I—build hospitals.'"

"The little, cold, dry, moneyed man took on a new aspect."
That little bit appealed to us even more than the understanding which came to the surgeon and his wife, more than the joy and love which blossomed happily in the hearts of the two young people.

"The Spirit of the House" is a fantastic Christmas eve and Christmas day story. It is the only one in the book which has no "young child" in its pages. But it is a delightful love story of all good things coming to one on the tides of the Christmas spirit.

"The Youngest Officer" is of a nine-year-old boy who through his heroism wins the hearts of his hostile grandparents and unites his father and himself with them again.
"Linden Goes Home" takes us back to the South at the time of the civil war, with a weird touch of negro superstition which holds the reader, though he knows the outcome of the story.

"The Little Brown House" ranks next to the first story in the book.

Tired of gayety and the activities involved in her husband's position, the woman finds peace and friendship in the little brown house—and happiness follows on Christmas eve.

"That Makes the World Go Round" comes third in our choice. The French woman and her daughter, the German and his son, the young people married and the in-laws airing their temperaments—all that has little to do with Christmas, but much to do with human nature and the goings on in houses where more than one family try to live under one roof. The solution arrives on Christmas eve.

This book is one which can be taken up at times other than the holiday season and read with keen enjoyment.

Five Books for Girls

A YANKEE GIRL AT BULL RUN. By Alice Turner Curtis. Penn Publishing Company.

THE YELLOW QUILL GIRL. By Lotta Rowe Anthony. Penn Publishing Company.

THE OLD MINE'S SECRET. By Edna Turpin. The Macmillan Company.

CAPTAIN LUCY IN THE HOME SECTOR. By Alice Havard. Penn Publishing Company.

BABS AT HOME. By Alice Ross Colver. Penn Publishing Company.

THE first Yankee prisoner taken in Virginia during the civil war was accorded the rare honor of a reception by the President of the Southern Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, according to "A Yankee Girl at Bull Run." The prisoner was little Mary Dean, from New London, Conn., who was visiting her Southern cousins. She was released, of course, and there followed many thrilling and pleasurable experiences. She was presented with a beautiful pony, which was mysteriously stolen. Then she received the greatest gift of all, two live dolls. In other words, Sheba and Bathsheba, the two cutest pickaninies in all Virginia. What she did with them makes an interesting story.

A rapid shift back to this century and year, and we are contemplating the Quaker Quartet in "The Yellow Quill Girl," a story of woodcraft and character building among girls in camp life. There's Anne and Peggy and Tibby and Charlotte, and they're all different. The book concerns itself mostly with the more idealistic and vital two, Anne and Peggy, and interwoven is a story of a feud between two lumber camps which has its culmination in some highly diverting sleuthing.

"The Old Mine's Secret" is a story of the late war. Though the scene is laid in a Southern village, it seems that all the German spies and bomb plotters congregated there to scheme to put Uncle Sam out of the running. In this tale a boy divides the interest with two girls. All of them work on war gardens, but Dick Osborne extends his activities to the exploration of an old silver mine in search of the wealth of some inland Capt. Kidd, with startling results.

The American Army of Occupation on the Rhine holds the centre of interest in "Capt. Lucy in the Home Sector." Capt. Lucy, nurse's aid, is the army girl heroine of a series. The armistice did not end Lucy Gordon's work, and together with Bob and the Gordon family she finds happiness in useful activities at Coblenz and other points in Germany. She has a close range view of the Spartacan uprising and of an imperialist plot to restore the Kaiser. The book ends with Lucy homeward bound at last.

While Lucy has been doing her bit overseas another girl, who would have liked to go, recognizes that her duty lies here. She stays at home and manages a tea room. This is Babs, of "Babs at Home." Her friends go overseas, and her sweetheart goes to the front. Sadness is her lot when he is reported missing in action. But the War Department is the restoring angel in this case. A clerical error killed him, but he couldn't stay killed under those circumstances, and he bobbed up cheerily one day. The rest was orange blossoms.

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Boy Scouts Look To Lincoln as Model

BOY SCOUTS' LIFE OF LINCOLN. By Ida M. Tarbell. The Macmillan Company.

WAS Lincoln ever a Scout? No! Not that he didn't have the exact qualifications, for he had, in fact the Scout movement of the present day—its principles—is moulded somewhat after the lives, habits, hobbies and traits of men such as Lincoln. Bits from his boyhood, his career, his home and outdoor life proved that he had the true Scout spirit. Analyzing his whole life, a Scout will find how many times Lincoln carried out the principles and ideals of the Scout laws.

He loved the outdoors, too! "Part of the education of the pioneer was to know the tracks of animals, the call and flight of birds and fowls, the spots where the nicest berries grew, the pools fish loved. Every sound of the earth and air, every change of color in the tree or of snake, must be recognized. Abraham and Austin (Goliath) learned to know where a fox had passed, a deer had drunk, an eagle nested."

This new book, "Boy Scouts' Life of Lincoln," written by a person who has studied Lincoln material for years, Ida M. Tarbell, is not restricted to Scouts alone. It is for every boy and every girl who loves Lincoln and for those who want to learn to love him and to know him. It is written in a style that every boy and girl will find easy reading and it is full of little anecdotes that are characteristic of the greatest public servant we ever had.

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Russian Festivals and Costumes

For Pageant and Dance

By Louis H. Chalif

This is a book of rich value for those who work in the arts of design, of dance, or of pageantry. Though mainly a picture book, and thereby the more adapted to the artist's purpose, there is also a descriptive calendar of the year's festivities, religious and secular, with vivid portrayal of the Russian betrothal and marriage customs.

The many pictures are photographic reproductions of the finest examples of Russian costume and peasant art in all forms. These treasures of private collections and museums are now probably destroyed or scattered to the four winds. But the CHALIF book preserves some record of their beauties for us, which will grow more precious as time goes on.

Price, \$3, postpaid by mail or direct from Louis H. Chalif, 163 West 57th Street, New York.

Phone Circle 1927.

THE TORRENT

By VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ

The New York Times: "Both Leonora and Rafael are drawn with skill and vividness in . . . a story full of intense, splendidly pictured moments. . . These two and the passionate love which swept them away like a flood, while it filled them with the very spirit of springtime and of youth . . . are the outstanding figures of Blasco Ibanez' very interesting novel."

Blasco Ibanez' BLOOD AND SAND is the basis of the play in which Otis Skinner is acting the Tormentor; THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE is drawing audiences of thousands in a screen version. Send for a list of his great novels to

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Harry Hansen (the Chicago Daily News): "We are confident that in 'The Girls' Miss Ferber has done her best and most effective work."

New York Times: "Congratulations to Edna Ferber!"

F. P. A. (the New York Tribune): "This bard a wreath of laurel hurls at Edna Ferber's book 'The Girls.'"

Heywood Brown (the New York Tribune): "She does achieve an intimacy and fondness for some of her characters, which sets them apart as individuals. These are not moulded, but created."

Fanny Butcher (the Chicago Tribune): "It is, in the most honest sense of the word, human. It is the human you, the human me."

The Girls

A Novel

"This story is about great-aunt Charlotte Thrift, spinster, aged seventy-four; her niece and namesake, Lottie Payson, spinster, aged thirty-two, and Lottie's niece and namesake, Charley Kemp, spinster, aged eighteen and a half. If you are led by this to exclaim, 'A story about old maids!' you are right; it is. Perhaps, though, after all, one couldn't call great-aunt Charlotte an old maid. Perhaps, too, the term is inappropriate for vigorous, alert, and fun-loving Lottie. For that matter, a glimpse of Charley in her white, wooly sweater and gym pants might cause you to demand a complete retraction of the term!"

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York

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Fox Hunting Was Part of English Life in Earlier Days

THE SPORT OF OUR ANCESTORS. A collection of prose and verse setting forth the sport of fox hunting as they knew it. Edited and selected by Lord Willoughby de Broke. Illustrated by G. D. Armour. E. P. Dutton & Co.

REYNARD THE FOX. By John Masefield. Illustrated by G. D. Armour and Carlton Moorepark. The Macmillan Company.

THESE two smart and handsomely illustrated quartos celebrate that king of all country sports in England—the cross-country hunting of the fox with hounds. In "The Sport of Our Ancestors" Lord Willoughby de Broke has collected the praise of fox hunting in balladry and prose from many sources. In "An Apology to Mr. Surtees" the editor explains that if no extract is made here from Surtees' most famous book, "Jorrock" (as it is called familiarly

by everybody), or "Handley Cross" to give the book its true title—it is because the pet passages are already so familiar. So the Surtees chapter—which holds the right of line—consists of a running commentary upon all his books in a vein of affectionate admiration which should satisfy his closest devotees. Besides this father of fox hunting literature, space and comment are given to the work of Mr. Egerton Warburton, Major Whyte Melville, Mr. Branley Davenport, old Peter Beckford, "Nimrod," and Anthony Trollope, who was called "the writer who never committed a solecism," and whose hunting sketches were printed in the Pall Mall Gazette.

Altogether, this is a charming collection of old portraits whose originals were familiar in England but almost wholly unknown in this country, save in the happy valley of the Genesee River, at Meadow Brook and in one or two other fortunate places. As an admirable record of a brilliant phase of country life in England, worthily augmented with the finer sort of illustrations which came before photography, this book will be treasured by lovers of this great sport. The fox hunting English or Irish squire is a figure which seems very remote indeed to American readers after even forty years. Mr. G. D. Armour's spirited pencil drawings, finely reproduced and printed alike, illustrate and decorate the handsome volume; the horses are vividly alive and their various riders are sketched with consummate characterization. Several of the plates are printed in colors; all are "top-hole" in their class. What Alken did for the coaching days (to name only a single famous sporting draftsman and painter), Armour does here for all those who love the mellow hunting horn and the "crash" of the eager hounds.

A sumptuous edition of Mr. Masefield's most striking tour de force, "Reynard the Fox, or the Ghost Heath Run," should stand on the library shelf beside "The Sport of Our Ancestors." The inspired pencil of Mr.



Illustration from "Reynard the Fox."

Armour is also employed in the illustration of this book; and Mr. Moorepark's decorative line drawings mark in his narrative poetry in this breathless epic of the fox. His prose is one thing; "August, 1914," is quite another thing; such verse as the poem about the galley slave is another; "Dauber" is another, and so is the "Widow in the Bye Street," and so are many of his spiritual poems. But for rushing narrative, vivid and full of pulsating color, the very reflection of a notable phase of country life in England, this tale of the "Ghost Heath Run" is a monument.

In his introduction to this thoroughly well made and admirable edition, Mr. Masefield remarks:

"In the English country, during the autumn, winter and early spring of each year, the main sport is fox hunting, which is not like cricket or football, a game for a few and a spectacle for many, but something in which all who come may take a part, whether rich or poor, mounted or on foot. It is a sport loved and followed by both sexes, all ages and all classes. At a fox hunt, and nowhere else in England, except, perhaps, at a funeral, can you see the whole of the land's society brought together, focussed for the observer, as the Canterbury pilgrims were for Chaucer."

"Fox hunting is a social business, at which the whole community may and does attend in vast numbers in a pleasant mood of good will, good humor and equality and during which all may go anywhere, into ground otherwise shut to them. . . . It is most beautiful to watch. . . . The only thing to be compared with it in this country is the sword dance, the old heroic dancing of the young men, still practised in all the splendor of its wild beauty in some country places; and we are a horse loving people who have loved horses as we have loved the sea."

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